

*all new*

**TEEN-  
AGE**

**PEBBLES**



NO. 15  
AUG.  
CDC

ONLY  
**20¢**

**AND**

**BAMM-BAMM**

a Hanna-Barbera Production





TEEN-AGE

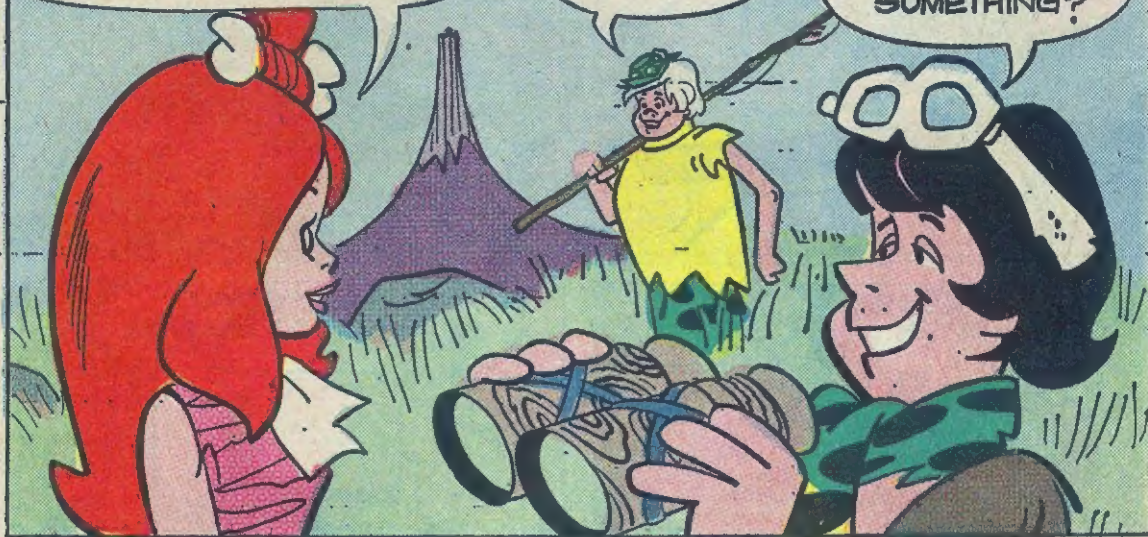
# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

## "FISHING IS FOR THE BIRDS"

HI, BAMM-BAMM! FABIAN AND I ARE BIRD-WATCHING... WANT TO JOIN US?

NO, THANKS... I'M GOING FISHING!

TA-TA, OLD BOY... AFRAID YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING?

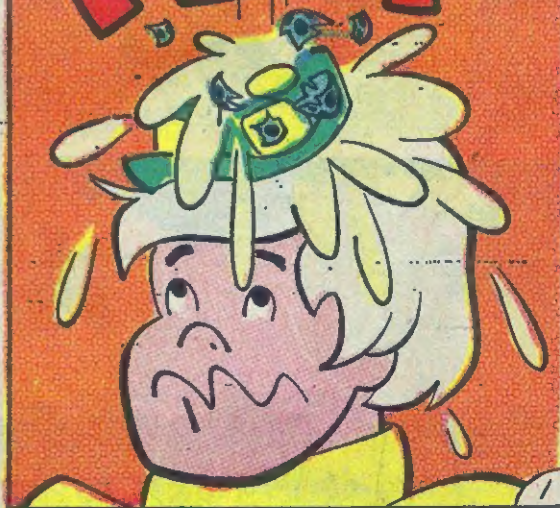


I DON'T SPY ON BIRDS... IT'S NOT POLITE!



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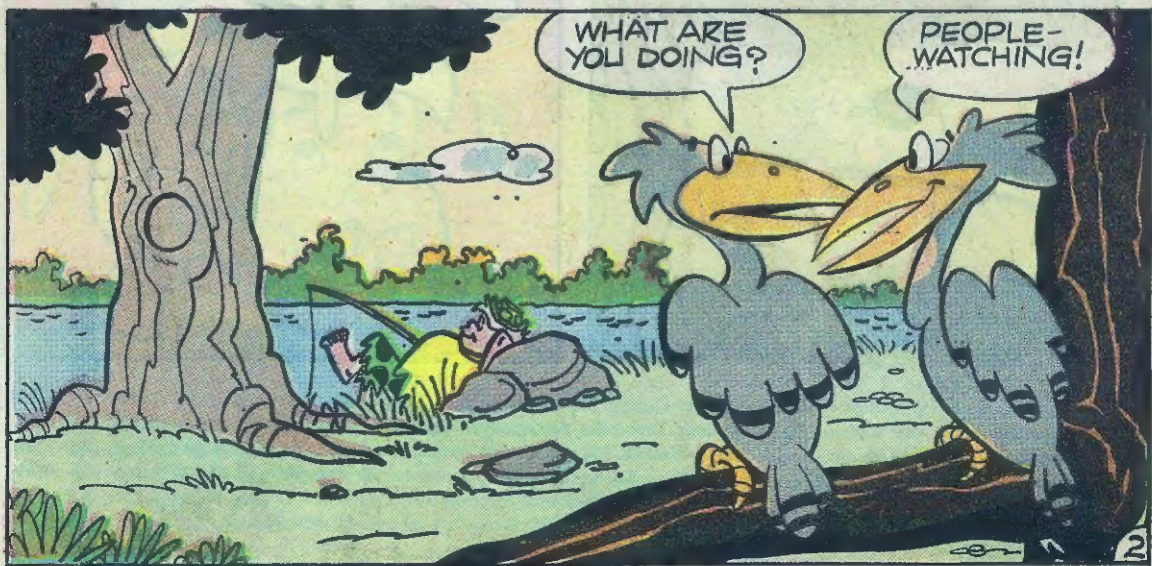
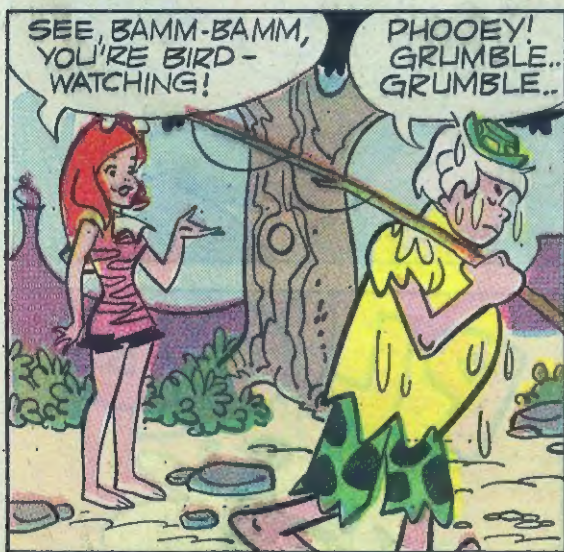
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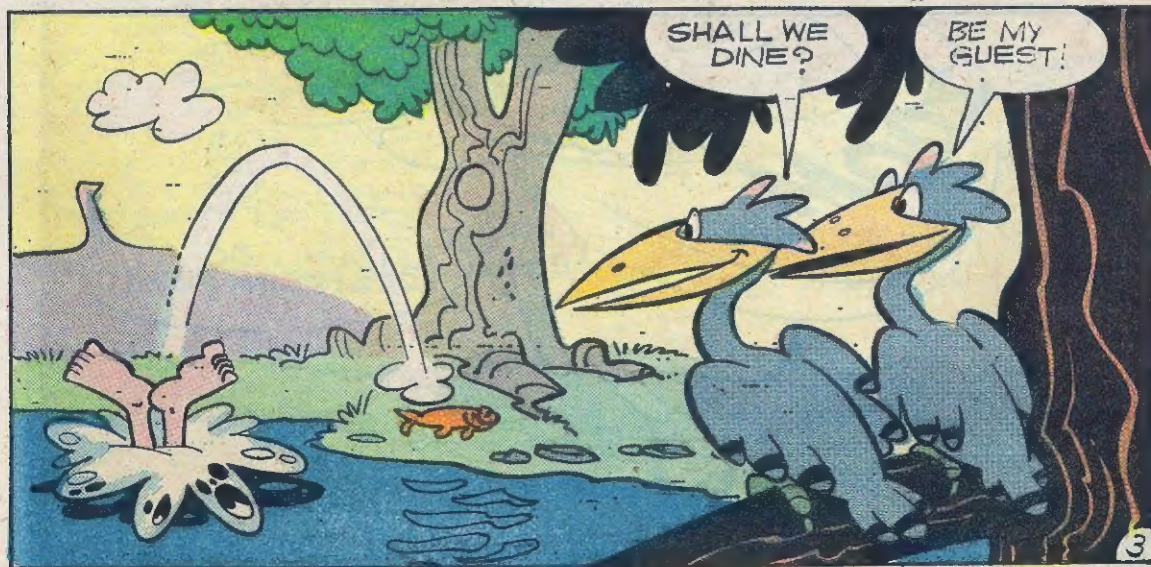
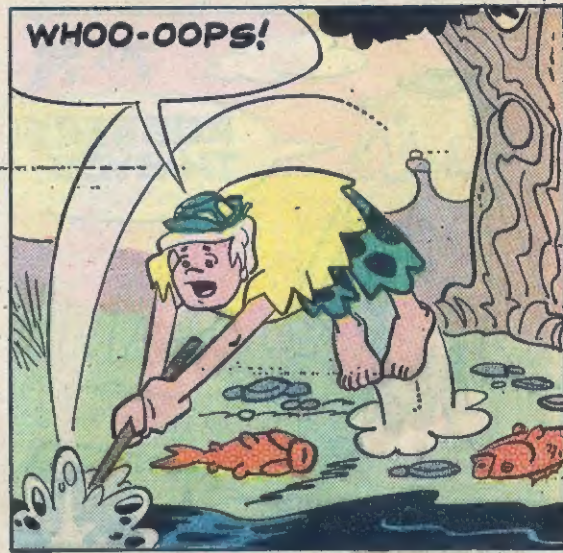
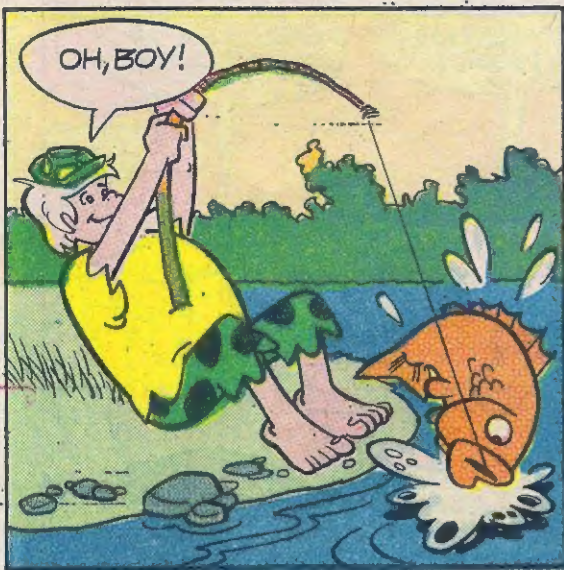
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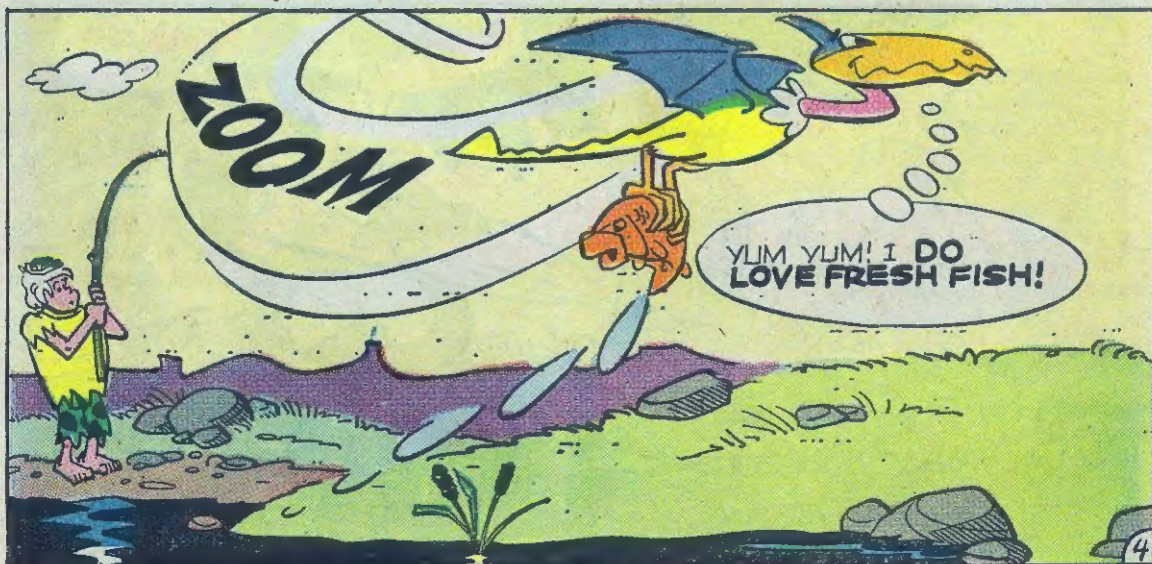
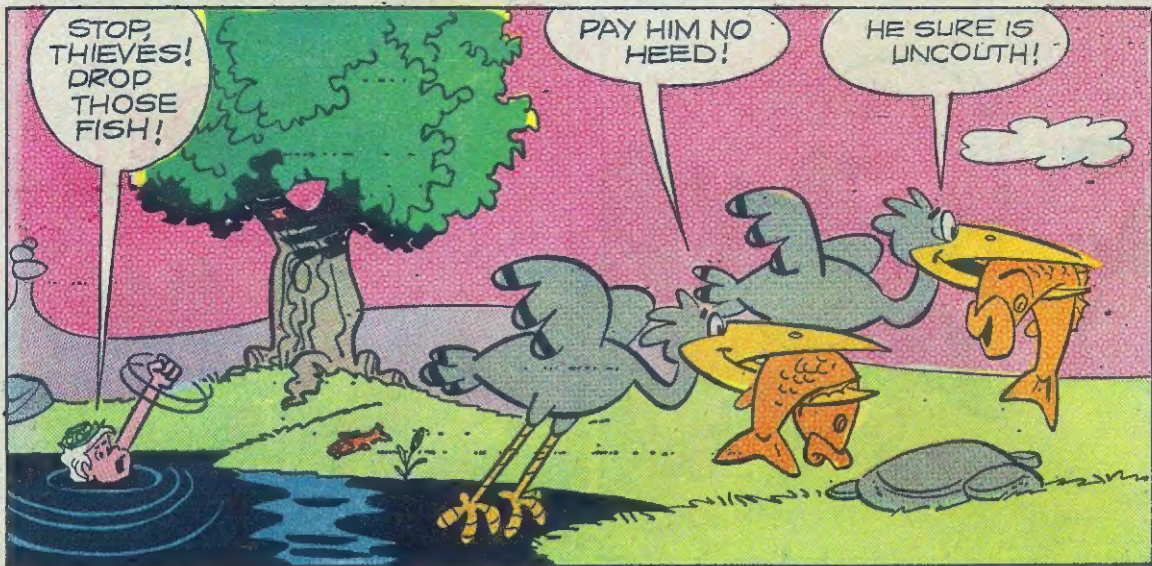




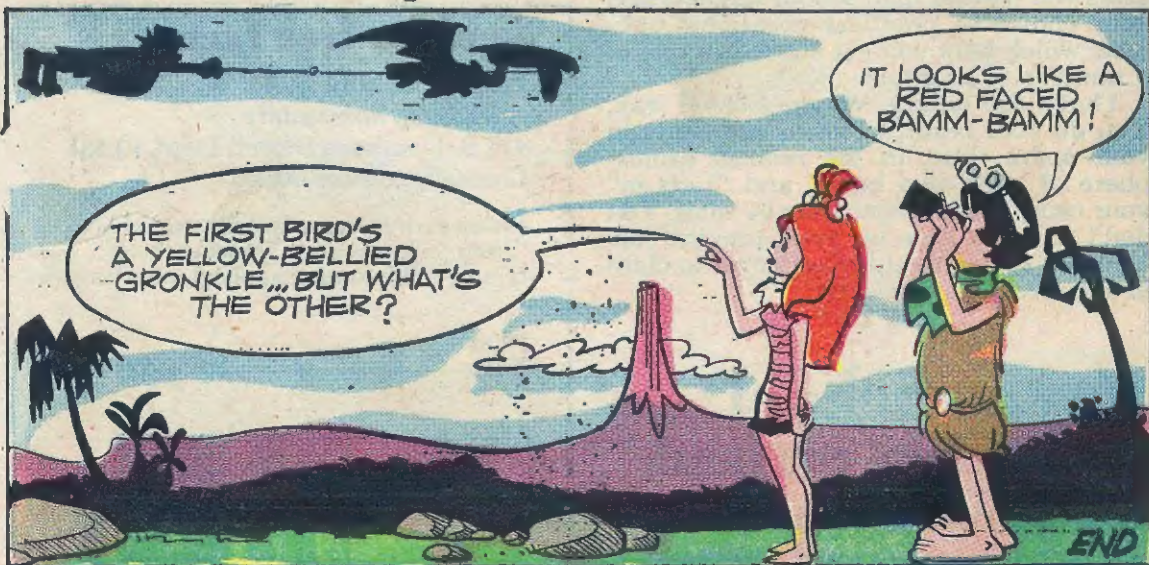
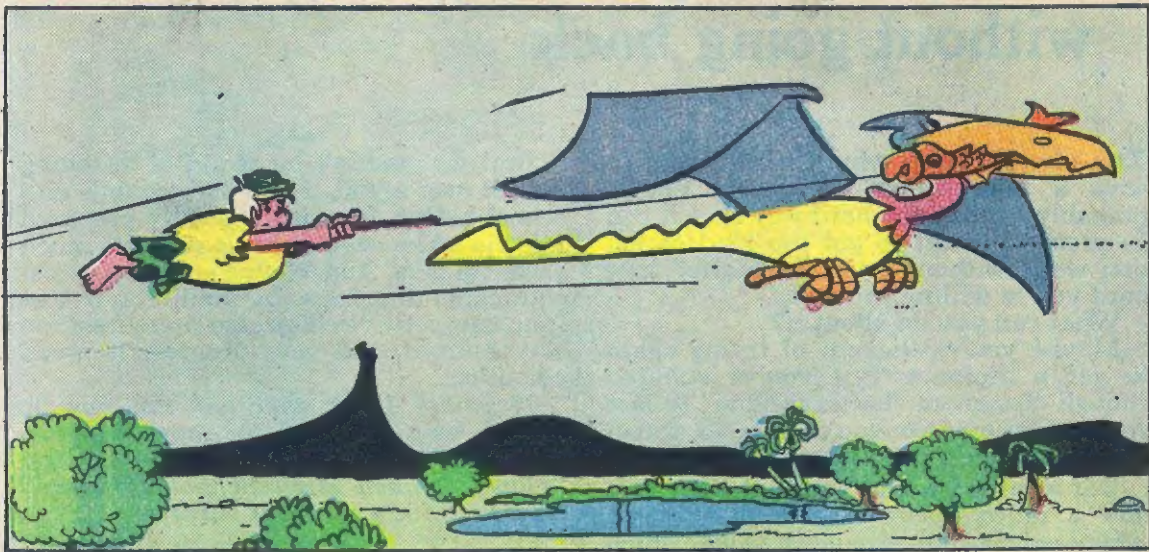
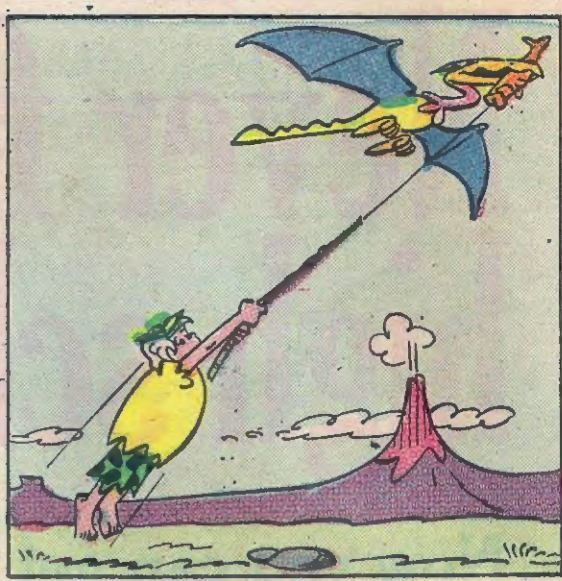












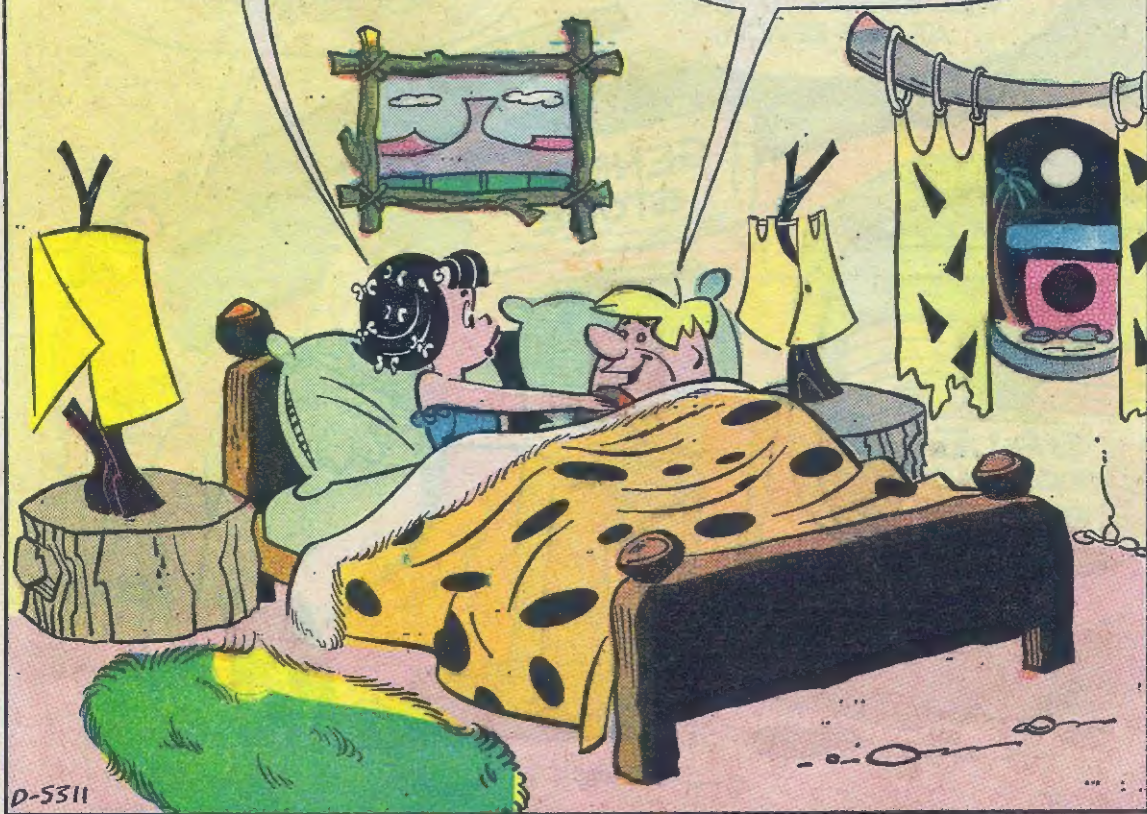


TEEN  
AGE

# PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM IN "THE PROTECTOR"

BARNEY! THERE'S SOMEONE  
OUTSIDE STEALING A WHEEL  
OFF OUR CAR!

THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO  
SEE IF THAT NEW DOG  
OF BAMM-BAMM'S IS A  
GOOD WATCHDOG!



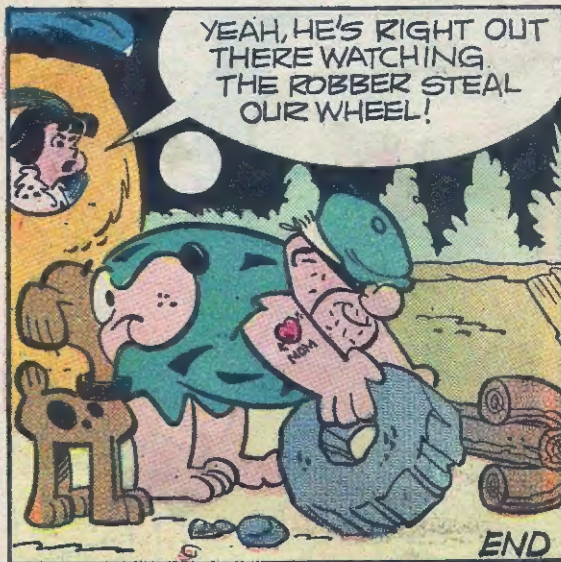
D-5511

OH, HE'S A GOOD  
WATCHDOG  
ALL RIGHT!

HE IS,  
HUH?!



YEAH, HE'S RIGHT OUT  
THERE WATCHING.  
THE ROBBER STEAL  
OUR WHEEL!



END



TEEN-  
AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "THROWAWAY"

THAT'S JUST WHAT I  
WANTED, PEBBLES... IT  
WILL BE FUN TO TOSS  
AT THE BEACH!

OKAY!... HONESTLY, BAMM-  
BAMM, YOU'RE A LITTLE  
BOY AT HEART!

GENERAL  
STORE

SALE!  
TODAY ONLY  
FRISBEES 5¢

D-5281

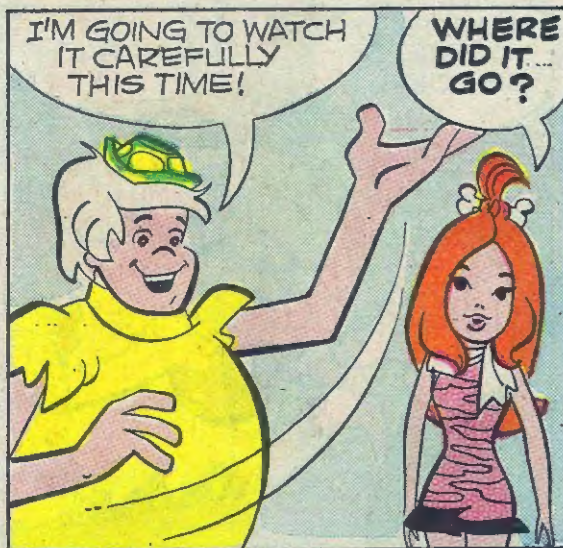
WHICH ONE DO  
YOU WANT,  
YOUNG MAN?

THAT  
ONE!

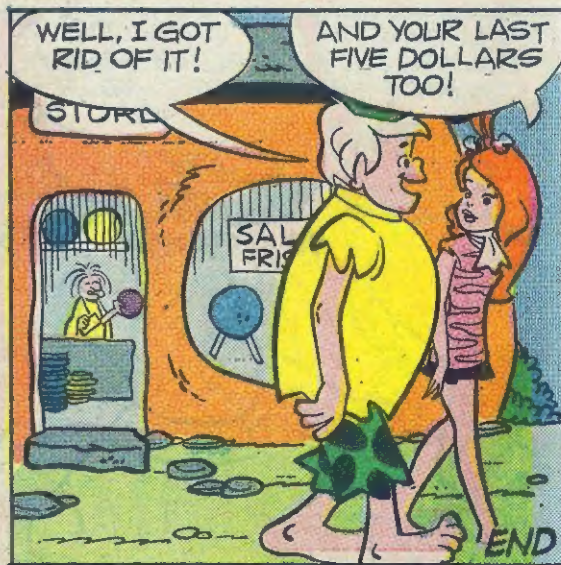
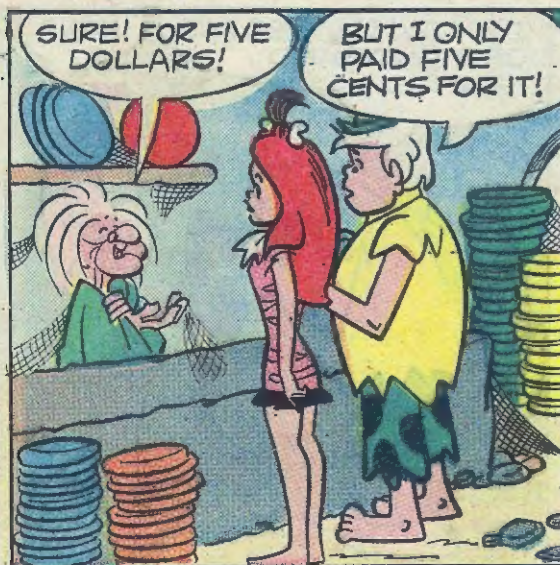
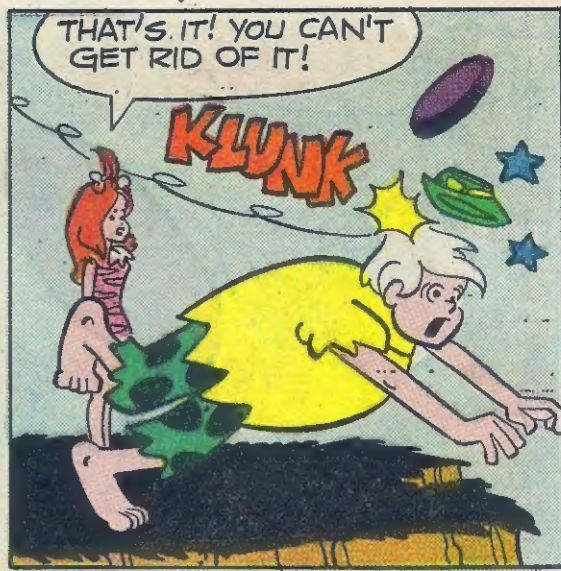
IF YOU TAKE - -  
THAT ONE, YOU'LL  
BE SORRY!

I'LL  
TAKE  
THAT  
ONE!







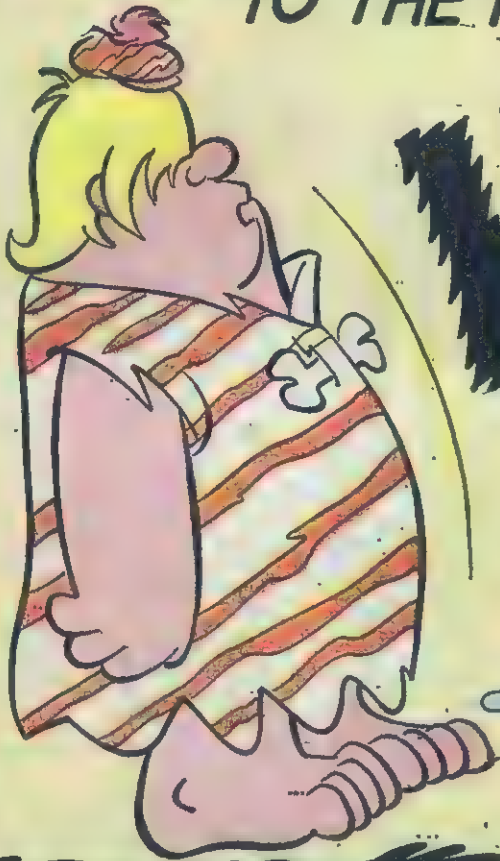




TEEN-AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

## "TO THE RESCUE!"



D-5312

IS THAT YOU  
DOWN THERE,  
BRUNO!

YES, STUPID!  
THROW ME A  
ROPE!..





TEEN  
AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "SWEETWATER SWAMP"

OH, CINDY! WHAT  
WONDERFUL PERFUME  
YOU'RE WEARING  
WHAT IS IT?

IT'S CALLED "SWEETWATER"  
AND THE ONLY PLACE YOU  
CAN GET IT IS SWEETWATER  
SWAMP...ISN'T IT DEVINE,  
BAMM-BAMM?

::SNIF-SNIF::  
YEAH, IT SMELLS  
GOOD!



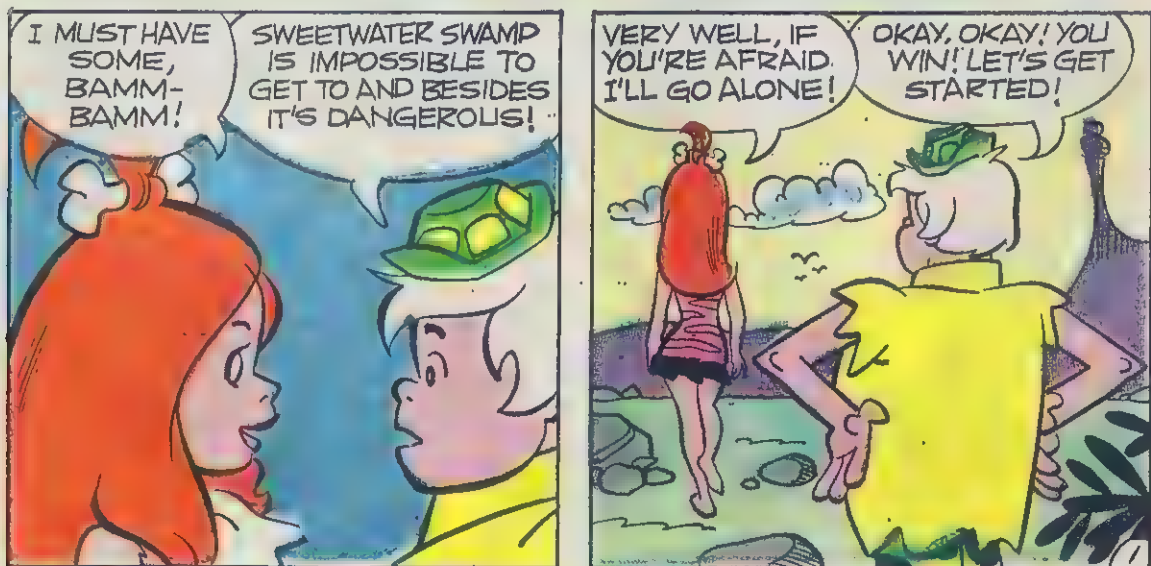
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I MUST HAVE  
SOME,  
BAMM-  
BAMM!

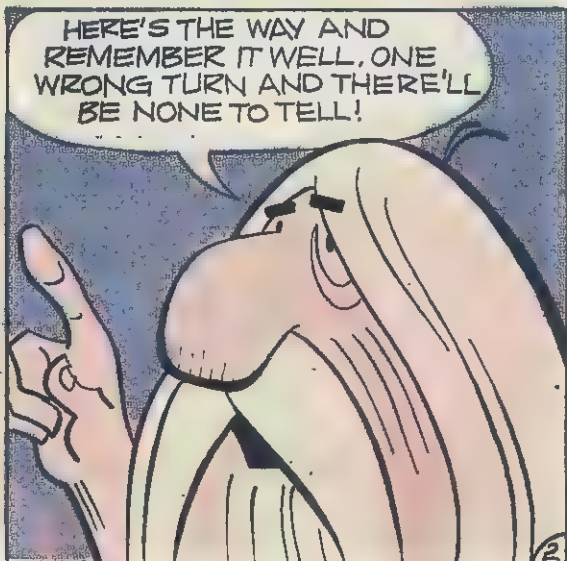
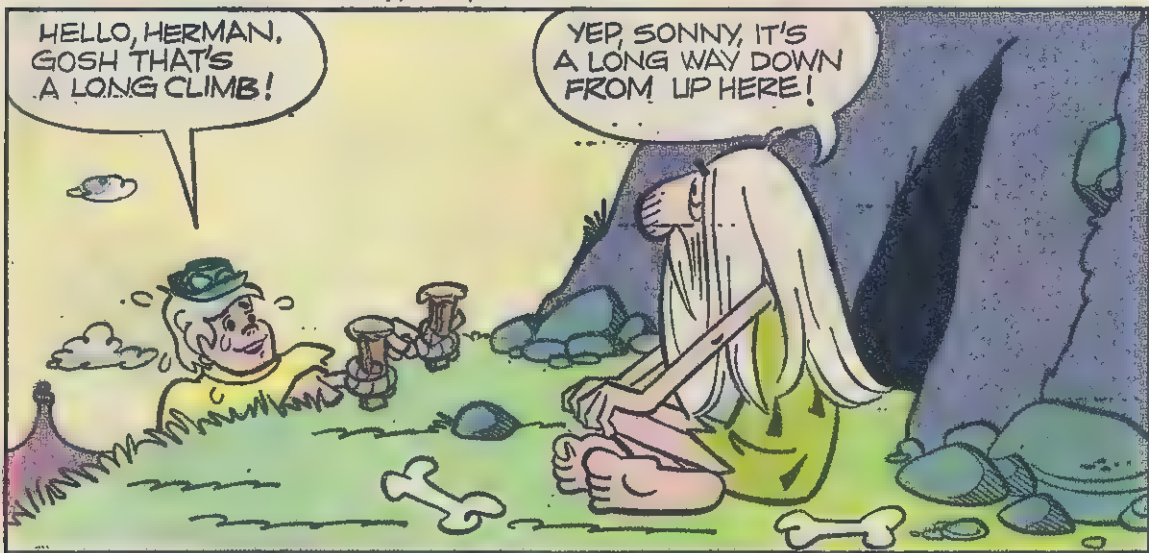
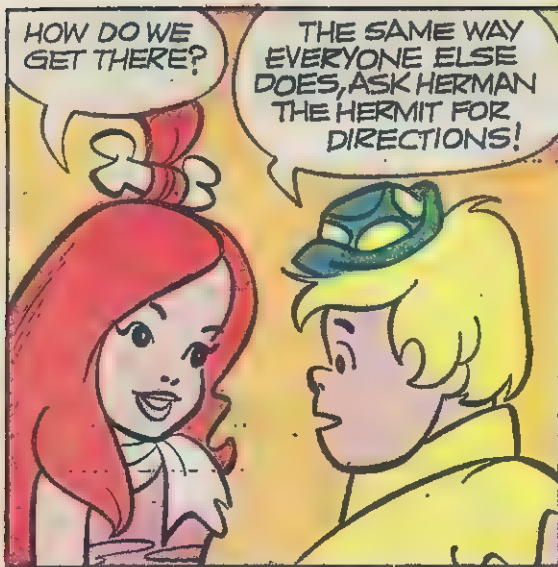
SWEETWATER SWAMP  
IS IMPOSSIBLE TO  
GET TO AND BESIDES  
IT'S DANGEROUS!

VERY WELL, IF  
YOU'RE AFRAID.  
I'LL GO ALONE!

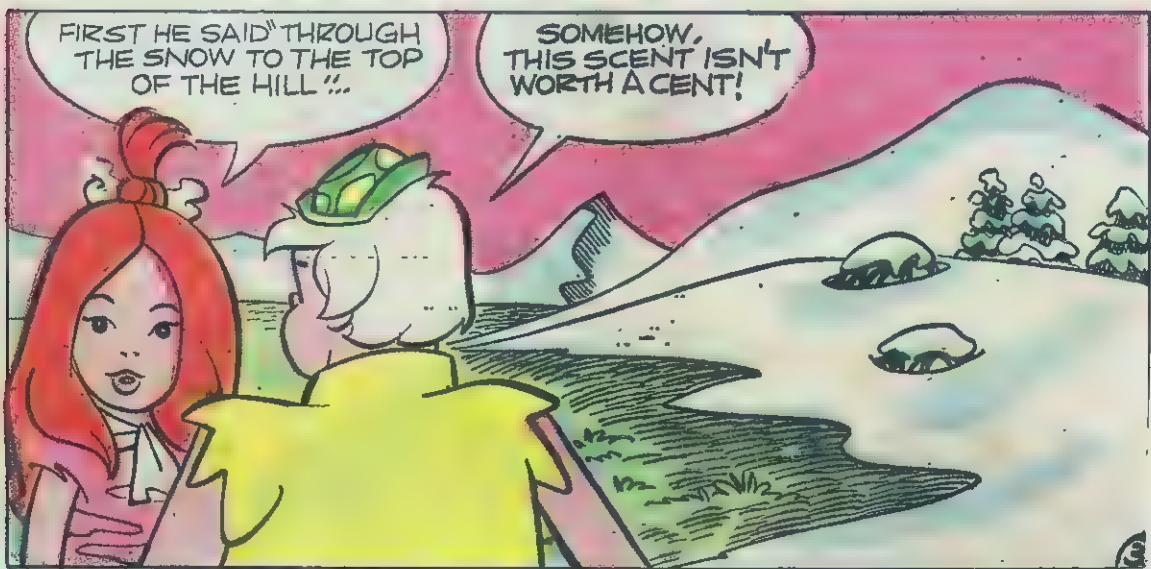
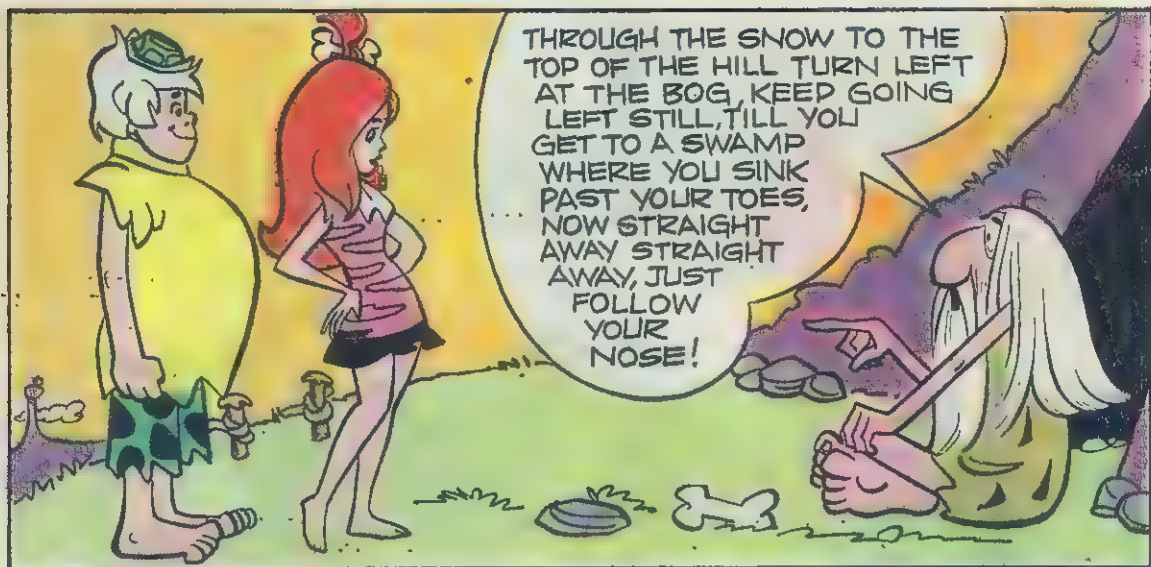
OKAY, OKAY! YOU  
WIN! LET'S GET  
STARTED!













BAMM-BAMM, I'M  
C-COLD AND TIRED!

JUST A LITTLE  
MORE, PEBBLES AND  
WE'LL BE AT THE HILL!



NOW WE CLIMB  
THE HILL!



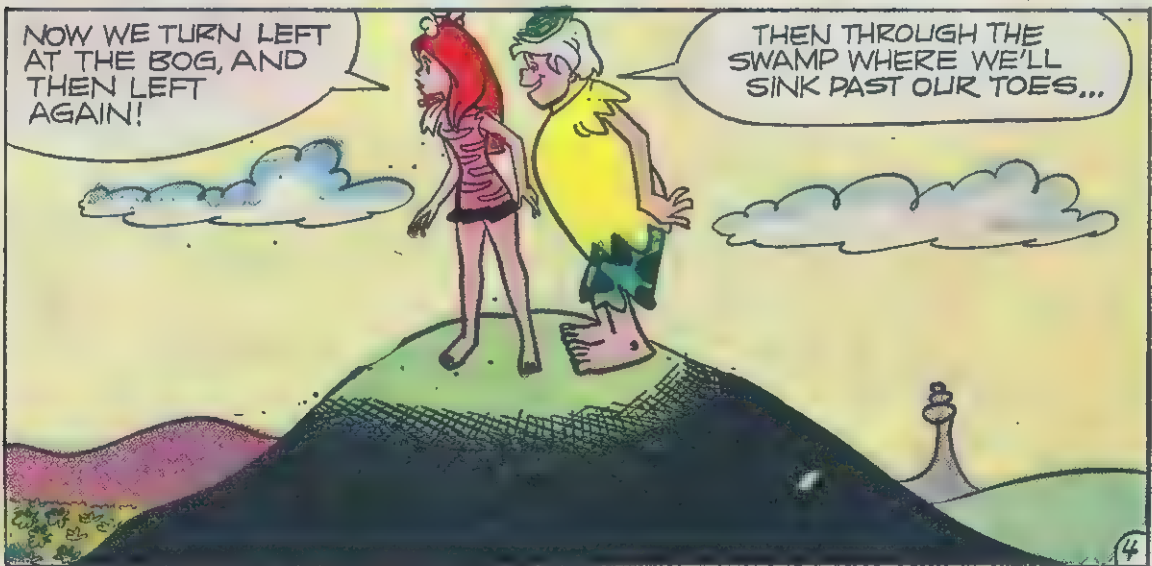
PUFF PUFF PUFF...  
I....JUST...CAN'T  
MAKE IT!

COME ON...  
WE'RE ALMOST  
THERE!

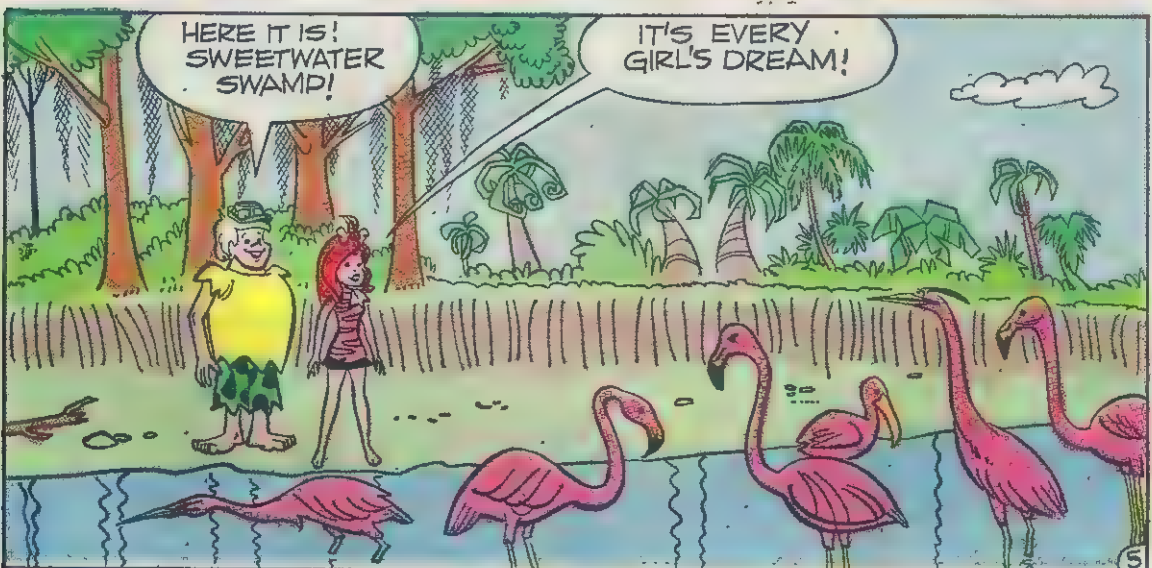
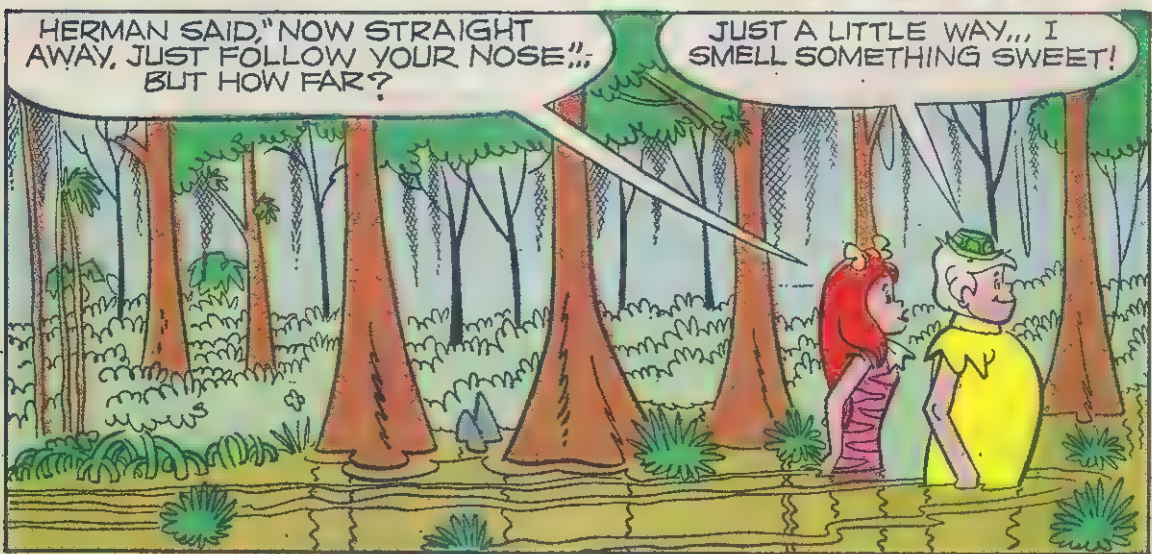


NOW WE TURN LEFT  
AT THE BOG, AND  
THEN LEFT  
AGAIN!

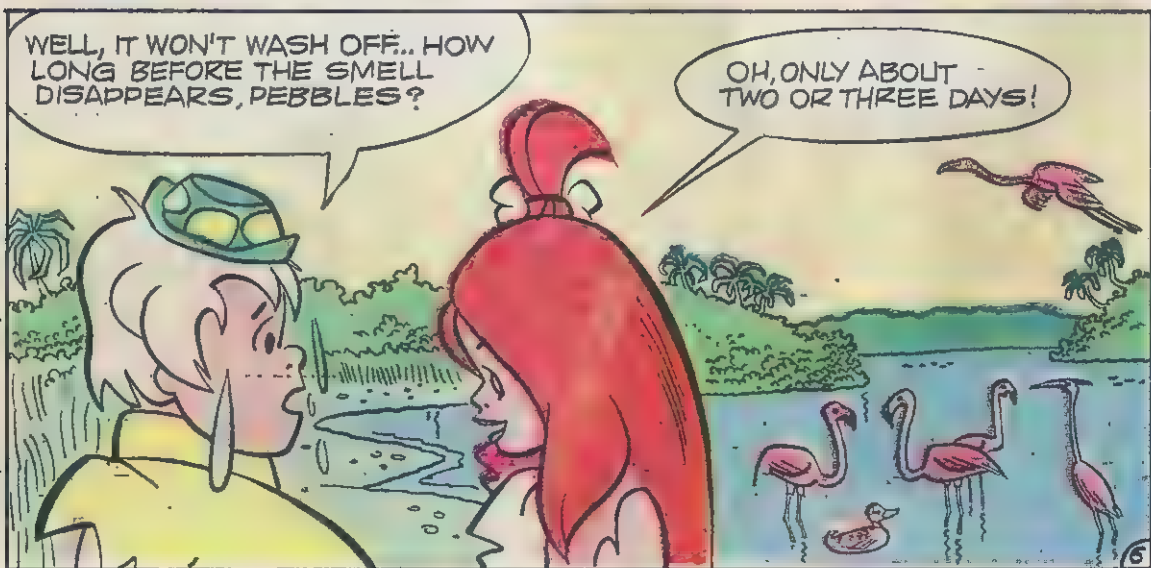
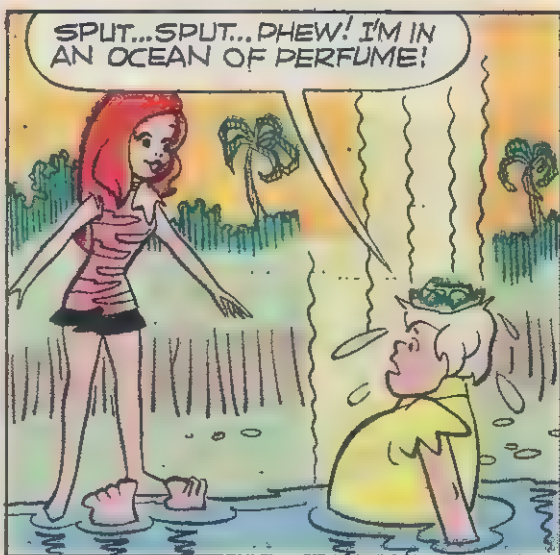
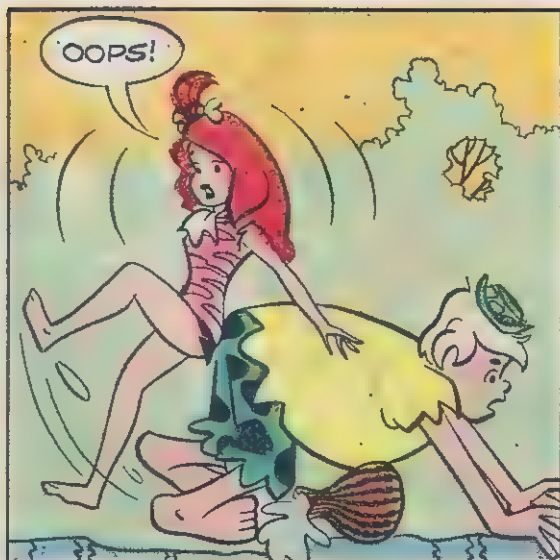
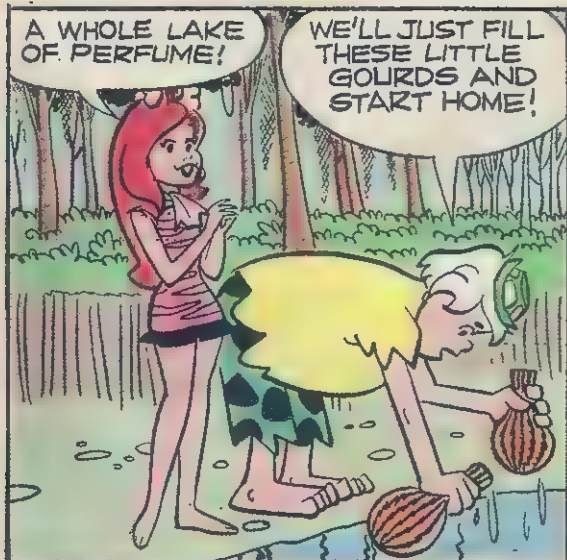
THEN THROUGH THE  
SWAMP WHERE WE'LL  
SINK PAST OUR TOES...



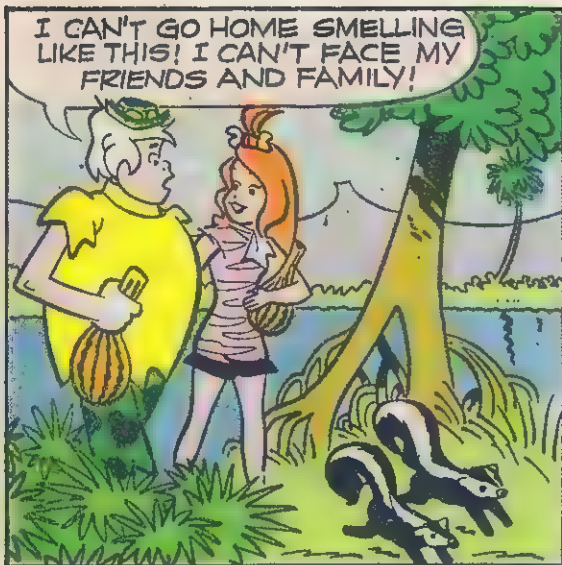








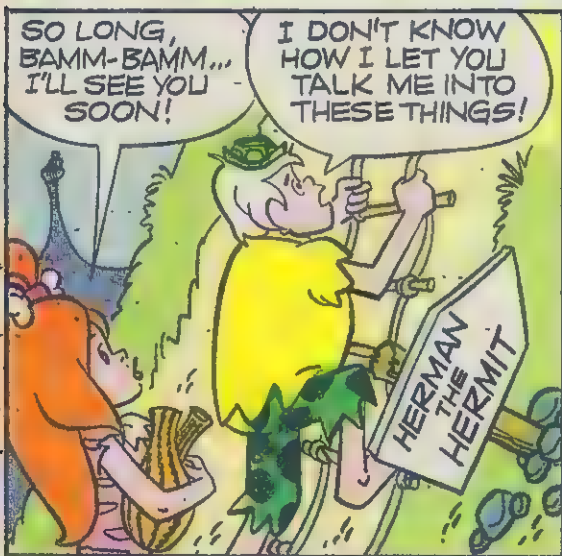




I CAN'T GO HOME SMELLING LIKE THIS! I CAN'T FACE MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY!



I KNOW! I'LL CAMP OUT WITH HERMAN FOR A FEW DAYS!



SO LONG, BAMM-BAMM... I'LL SEE YOU SOON!

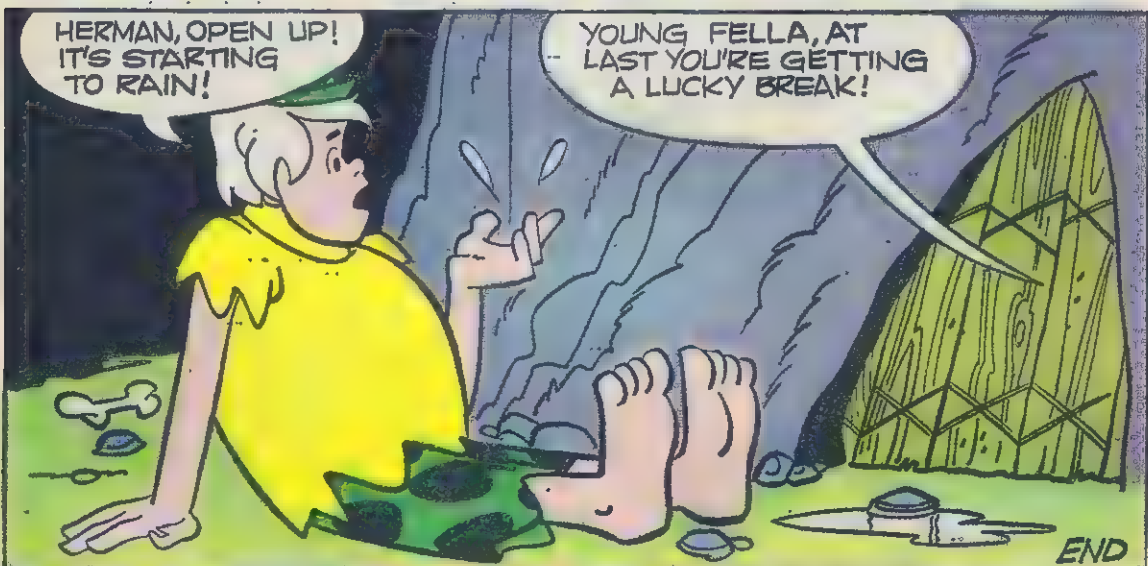
I DON'T KNOW HOW I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THESE THINGS!

HERMAN THE HERMIT



PHEW! YOU DON'T SMELL NICE, LIKE A SKUNK!

I FELL IN, HERMAN!



HERMAN, OPEN UP! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!

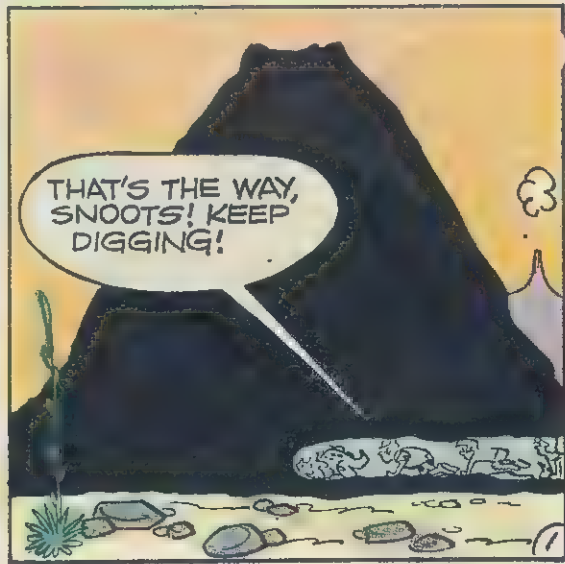
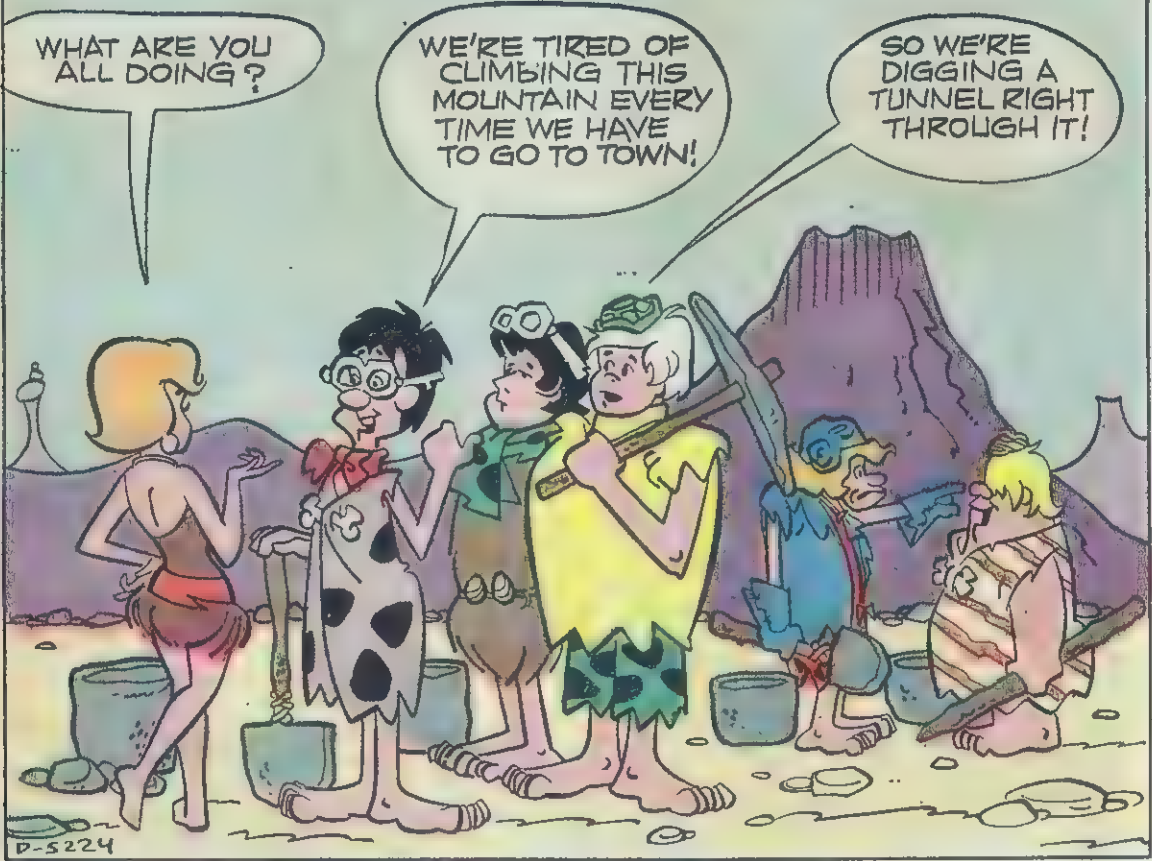
YOUNG FELLA, AT LAST YOU'RE GETTING A LUCKY BREAK!

END

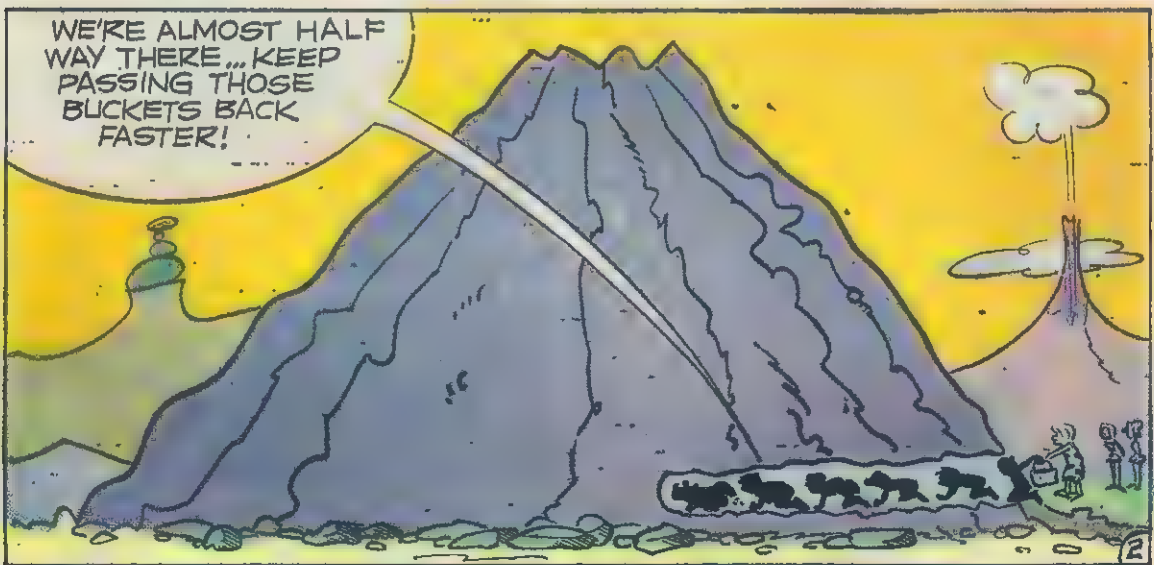
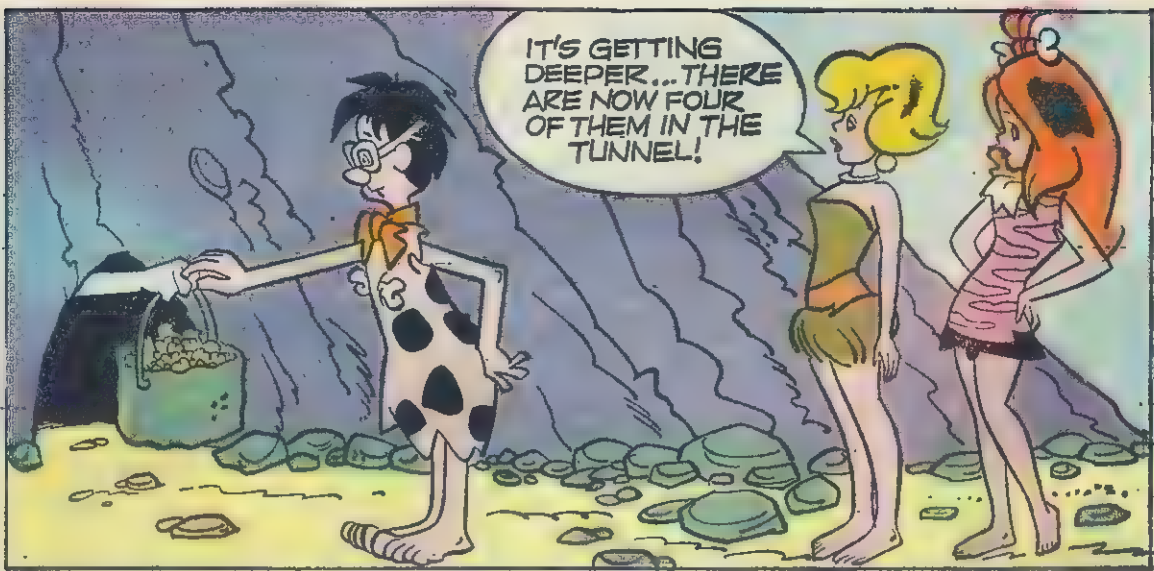


TEEN-AGE

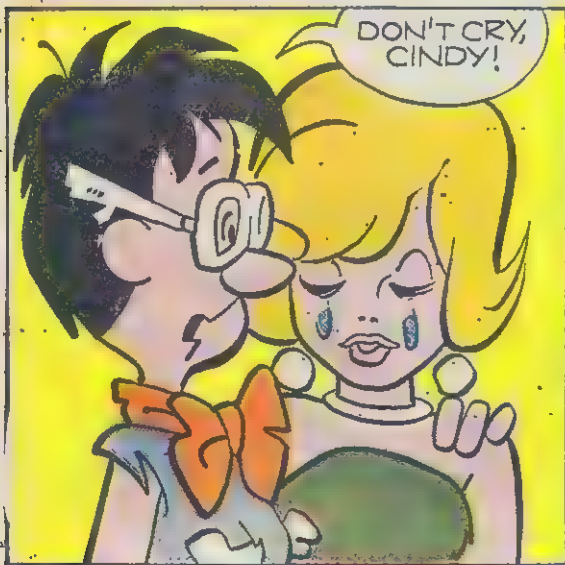
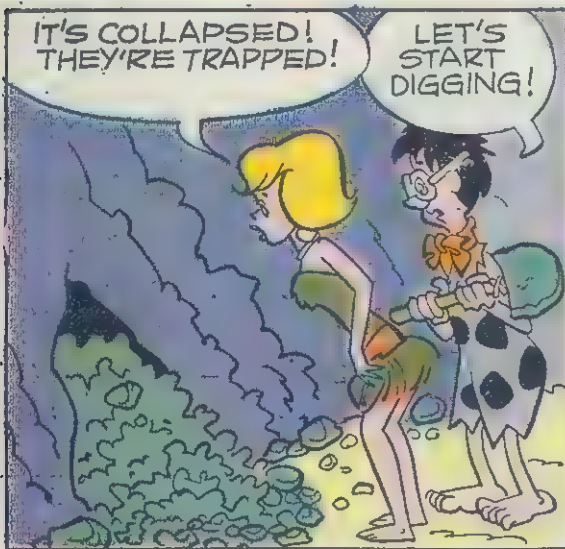
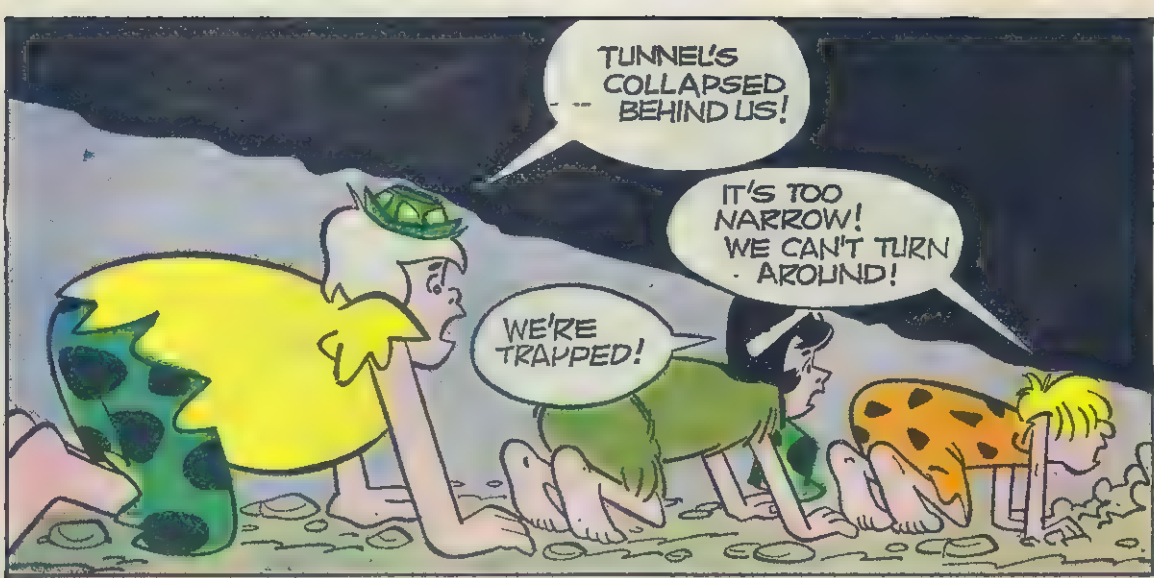
# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "THE BIG BANG"







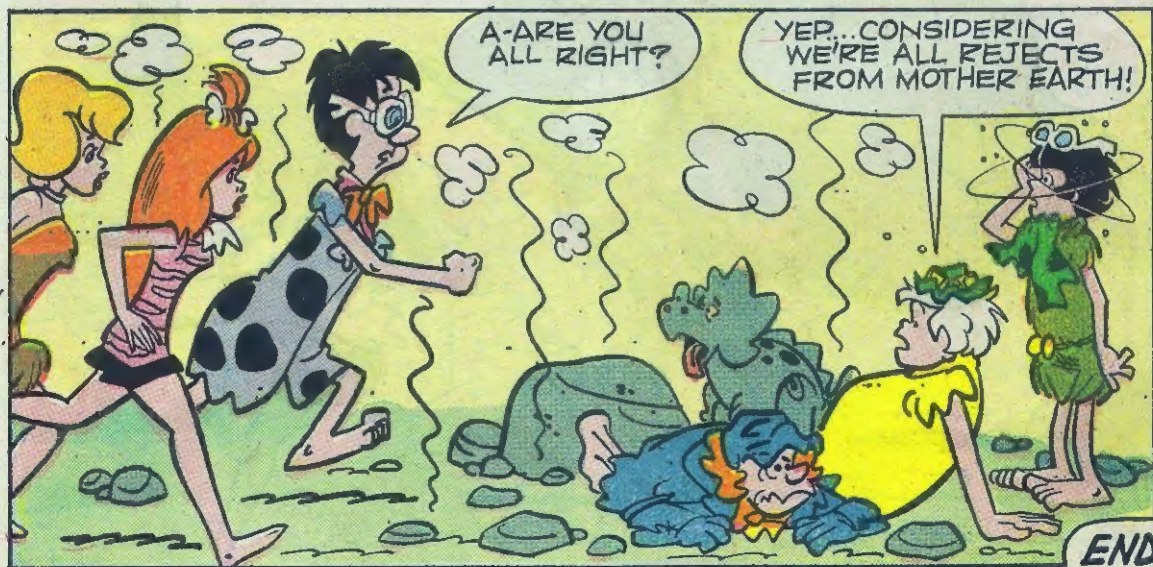
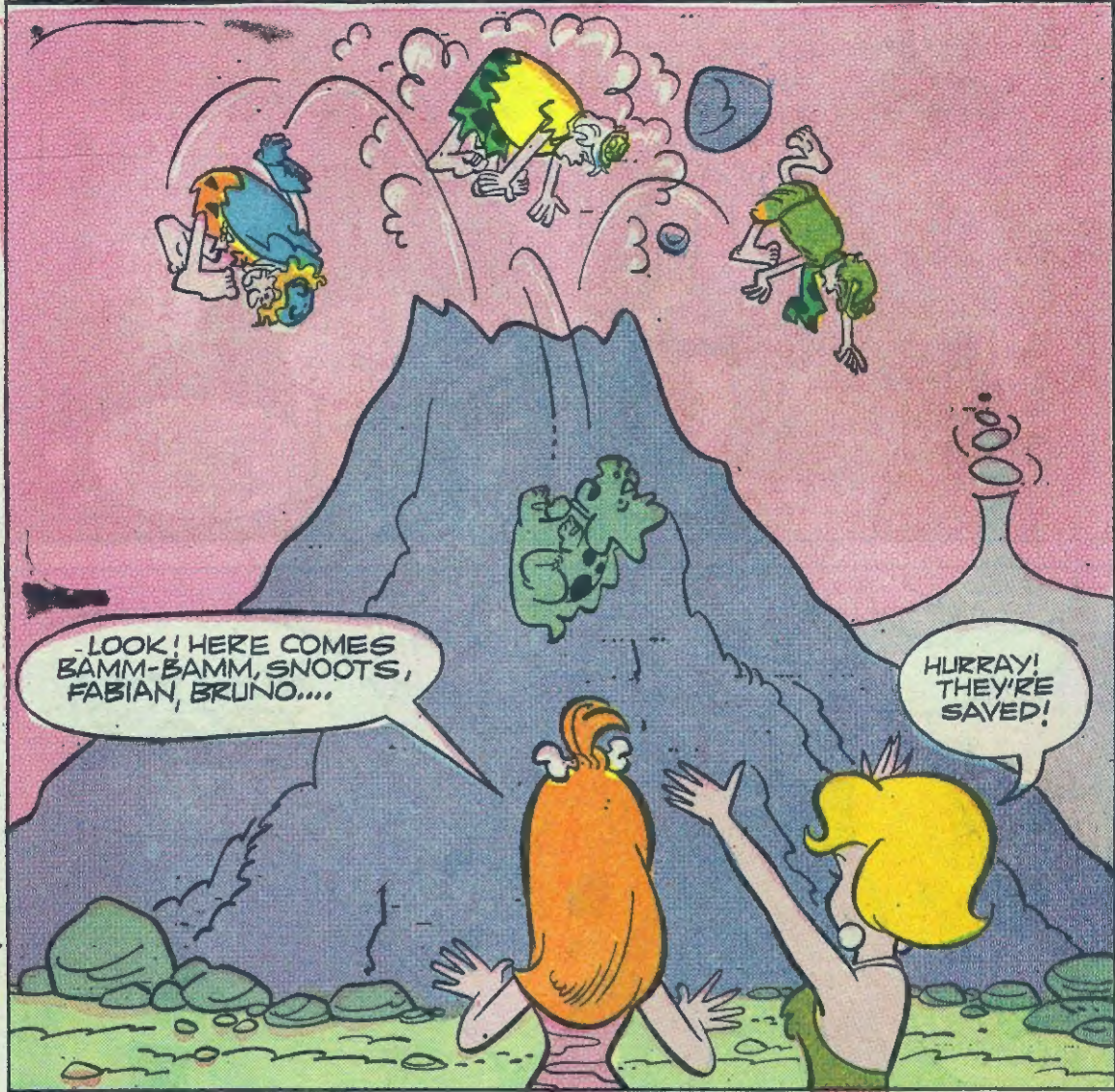










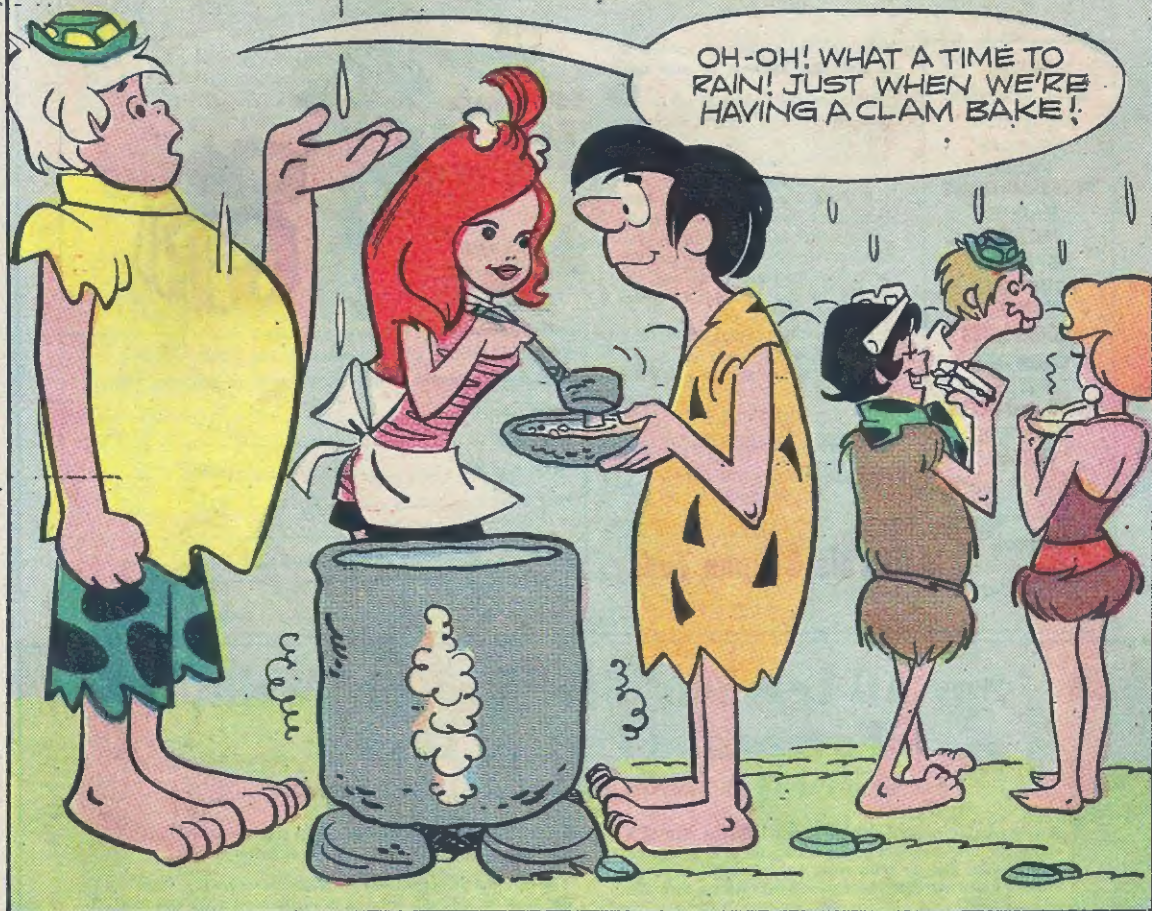


END



TEEN-AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "RAIN SOUP"

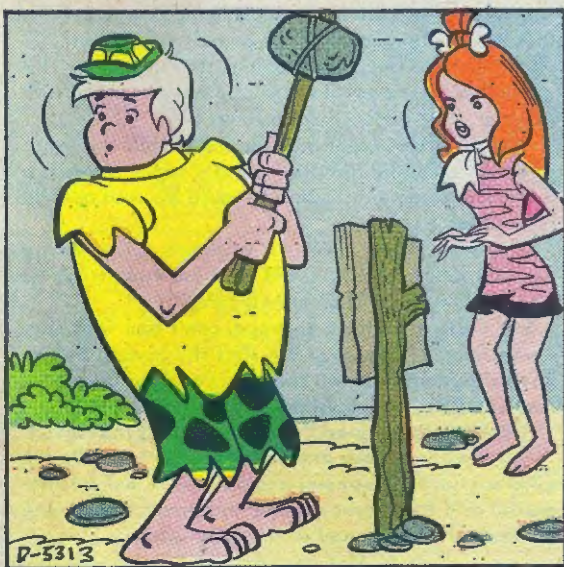
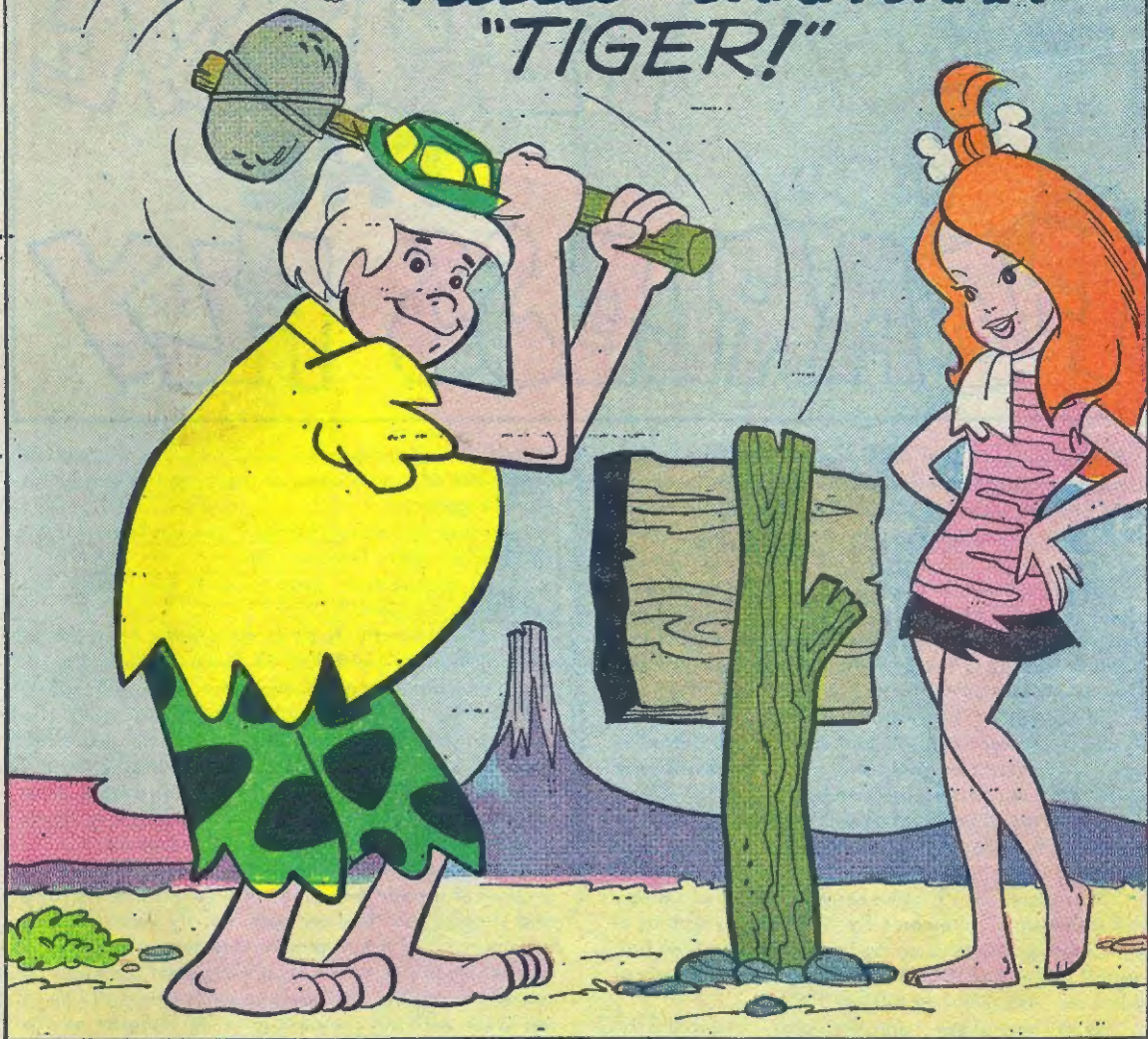




TEEN-AGE

# PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM™

## "TIGER!"



D-5313



END





# FLUSSIE THE FEARLESS FLY

Polly the Pigeon was the first to arrive at the Friday morning monthly meeting of the Inhabitants of Echo Lake and its vicinity. When they had all gathered there, she mounted the Big Rock and began the meeting:

"We are all here to greet a visitor. Who has a complaint to make. And wishes to enlist our aid. So I ask that you all listen very carefully to what Flussie the Fearless Fly has to tell us. Who knows? Someday we may be in her boots."

"I don't get it," said Raro the Rabbit, "First of all, a fly doesn't wear boots. Second of all, if she did wear boots they would be very small. And I know that my feet would not fit into her size boots."

"That is merely an expression," explained Polly the Pigeon. "It means that some day we may find ourselves in a similar position."

"That also doesn't make sense," protested Chippy the Chipmunk. "We can't fly. With the exception of Polly the Pigeon of course. So I can't see how I can find myself in her position. But anyway we want to hear what our visitor has to tell us."

"As you can all see, I am very small," began the fly. "I just want to live out my life span in peace. But it seems that the members of the human race are against me. It is discrimination." In the schools they teach the kids to swat a fly. Now I ask you why? Those kids feel I am something terrible. So if a kid is going to swat a fly, then he must have a fly swatter. Do you know that the manufacture and sale of fly swatters is a tremendous business in this country. Then there are companies that manufacture fly paper. Once a fly gets his or her legs stuck on the paper, that is the end of it all. A terrible way to go! And recently they have manufactured special electric bulbs. It does something to a fly so that the fly has to fly away. I say that this is all unfair.

They say that flies go to garbage and bring back disease. But who creates the garbage? It is the human beings in the first place. If there were no garbage then we flies would not stop off at the garbage places. And then there is the matter of getting our daily food supply. I see a window open. So I go inside. On the table there is a lot of food. I know and you know that a lot of it is going to waste. I want only a little bit to nourish

myself. And you should see what happens when I stop on a piece of bread, cake, or meat. Something like a panic begins.

"Get that fly," shouts father. "How could you let the window be open. Get that fly."

"I just missed him," says the little boy. "Wait till I get the fly swatter."

Big deal! I simply fly up to the ceiling. Then I see a glass of water. I am thirsty. So down I go at fast pace. Like a dive bomber, and I stop at the edge of the glass. Take one sip of water and up to the ceiling again. The little girl goes for me and misses. But she upsets the glass of water. Which spills over her brother's new clean shirt. Soon the entire family is in an uproar. How can they enjoy a meal? How can they properly digest good food? Doesn't make sense to me at all.

Know something? Suppose things were reversed. As a result of atomic radiation we flies became very big and strong. And then we gave out fly swatters. Beg your pardon - I mean people swatters. And we also had people paper. So the people could get stuck on it. It would be terrible. The average person doesn't like to get stuck with old chewing gum. So imagine how a man would feel when he gets stuck on people paper.

I ask you all here to think up some plan to help us flies. Maybe they could put us on a fly reservation. We stay there and the human beings stay away. We will not bother them and they won't bother us. I am certain you can come up with some ideas."

"On the other side of the lake," said Tillie the Trout, who was listening from the water's edge, "there is a lot of vacant land. Maybe that could be used as a fly reservation."

"Suppose there were no garbage, then where would you flies stop?" asked Raro the Rabbit. "After all you do have to stop somewhere."

But even if there is garbage, can't you flies stay away from it? Seems to me that the human beings have a sound complaint. They feel you do bring germs. And there are germs where you find garbage."

"Meeting is adjourned," announced Polly the Pigeon. "I don't want to have any disputes arise here. We are all peaceful. I will appoint a committee to look into the matter and then make recommendations. Snippie the Snake will be the head of the committee."